MRS. NAGG AND MR. —

By Roy L. McCardell. with the Spirit of Christmas Giving. But Men Are So Seifish, They Never Have the True Holiday Spirit!



sn't the cost of a gift with me, Mr. Nagg. Some some inexpensive little trifle given to me by one who loves me means more to me than riches! Not that I expect anything, not that I want anything, out, as I said before, it really embarrasses me to get caything valuable, and, anyway, I think that the way it s howadays of trading expensive presents and causing heartburnings and jealousies, because one does not get what one expects, is a satire upon a pretty and time-hon-ored old custom of making gifts to those we love.

Nowadays people sit down and make a list of all their rich relations and of people they do not like and send them gifts, for which they cannot afford to pay, in the tope that in return they will receive something more valable. How much better some little token of esteam, a retty Christmas card, a ribbon, a pair of gloves, a handserchief-just a simple trifle with a word of love and cheer!

How different it was in the old days when I was a young girl; oh, not so ery long ago, Mr. Nagg. Those were the days of real Christmas cheer, but onrs was a happy little home!

Dear papa used to be so convivial! How he used to say "Chris ut once a year, but when it comes it brings good cheer," and he'd keep it up for months, and if anybody ever said the least word to him, it would drive him to drink worse than ever, because he was so sensitive; and he used to say, "Well, Ohristmas is coming!" or "Christmas is past," and even if he had a fearful per and used to chase us out of the house, his heart was in the right place Christmas never comes out what I think of my dear papa. He always went entown during the holidays to buy us presents, and then he would meet nds and forget where he lived, but he meant to do what was right, and that's han can be said of some other people I know!

a old, simple ways have gone, Mr. Nagg; people are getting more wise and cked. Susan Terwiliger was telling me with tears in her eyes of how she Iway; bought a whole lot of things for her country relatives to make amends taking all her children and spending the whole summer with them! She always bought a whole lot of showy things cheap, thinking they would think they were from Tiffany's, and sent them, and she gets a letter this year that she needn't send anything this Christmas because a five and ten cent store has started up in the village and they can get the things she sends every year caper than paying the expressage on them when she sends them!

And, as I was saying, I do not expect anything and I will not be disap-parted. I intend to give everybody I know something; although, unless you buy mething grand, one's little gifts are sneered at! I only hope that no one will nd me a lot of cheap celluloid comb and brush sets or bottles of bad cologne of want something of some utility and value

But I suppose I will get the same lot of cheap truck! Ah. Christmas isn't like it used to be! The old Christmas spirit of joyful ing and happiness has died out.

Can you let me have \$30, Mr. Nagg? I want to buy some inexpensive thing for Willie. He is only twenty-four and is so anxious for you to play Santa Claus. And he wants to know if he can go to bed in his spiked running shoes

Haven't boys the queer whims?

Luncheon Talks with the Boss. By Mark Madigan.

ON'T always try to Too many employees balk and think do a lot of think- too much when they are handed things ing for the house. to do that do not appear commendable

ing for the house.
Getting a hustle on you and doing the things the head of the department wants done will often make a much greater impression an an idea or a suggestion.

Ideas are only relative, and the head the department may have the idea has given you to work out, direct om the head of the house, and it ways makes an impression with an order of the house, and it ways makes an impression with an order of the house, and it ways makes an impression with an order of the house, and it ways makes an impression with an order of the house, and it ways makes an impression with an order of the house, and it ways makes an impression with an order of the house, and it ways makes an impression with an order of the house, and it ways makes an impression with an order of the house, and it ways makes an impression with an order of the house, and it ways makes an impression with an order of the house in the head of the house, and it was makes an impression with an order of the house, and it was makes an impression with an order of the department of the head of the head the department wants done will often to them, and that do not appear commendable to them, and that's why there are so the time.

Many a bad idea hias been made a success by the enthusiastic work of the men to whom it was riven to work will keep pushing you along to a place. When you wait a better chance to get your idea a bearing.

Lisappointment doesn't keep the man with the real element of succ

A Steel-Trust Lullaby. By Albert Payson Terhune.

er Steel Trust Me And crooned above that errant sheep

"And if from your slumbers you wake with a scream, Then Mamma will know you have had a bad dream.

She'll know that you dreamed of New York, and you thought you Strayed round there alone and the Bogey Girl caught you!

"But Mamma will guard you from Gotham's erlm snare, will keep you from wicked York!

They do AWFUL things to Steel Presidents there.

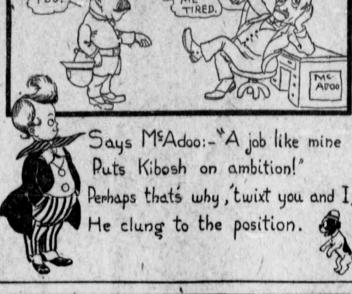
Gosham's temptations With ball and with chain I'st cinch ankle and foot.

If I didn't, New York would soon have

WILLIE WARBLER, & &



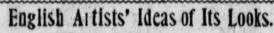
The Mutual drenghed in Standard Oil On rollers oleaginous.

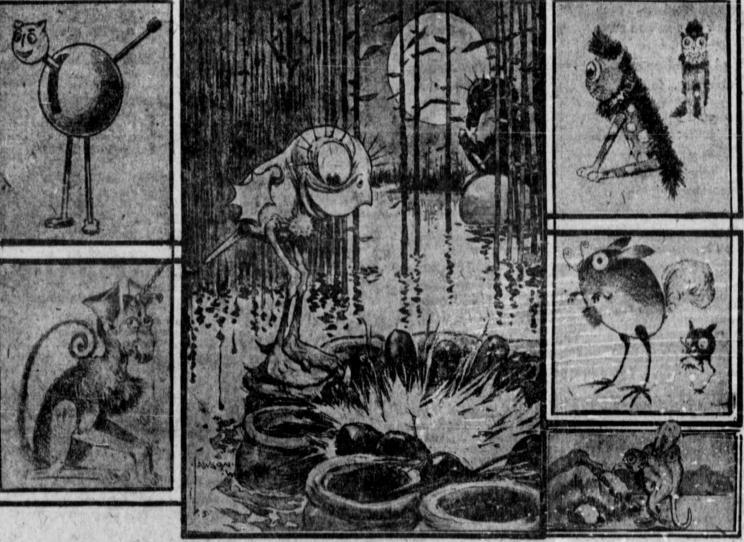




THE GAZEKA.

The shopper hears, with joyful ears, The pocket-book's wild popping, While Pop feels wor that his good dough Must needs go Christmas shopping.





The Gazeka is a Wonder-Beast; genus Gazabo; species Gazzazza; habitat, Gazopolis. Not to be confused with the common or garden variety of Lalianazoola. Do not feed or annoy. George Edwardes, the English impresario, has offered a prize for the best drawing of a Gazeka. The accompanying pictures, reproduced from the London Sketch, portray some of the weirdest ideas received in the competition. The central illus-

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

Dances with Another.



be jealous. Of course, he loves it he can't dance with you all the



in your house. Tell her she must marry you at once and cut out her alleged "gentleman friend" or you will not bother with her further. You might intimate there is another woman in the

Have Neber Been Introduced.

se of Mother-in-Law.

Go to the same church she coes, or set to know her father or brother pro-fessionally. You can find out what



HOME HINTS

Polly Cake.

E one-half oup sugar, 2-3 oup lard and butter, 1 cup milk, 3 sups flour, 1 egg, 1 cup currants, 1-3 appoon cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoon clove, little nutmeg, little salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Eake one hour Mushroom Catsup.

ELECT full grown, fresh gathered mushrooms. Be very careful that they are the right sort and not toadstons, else there is "death in the pot." Put a layer of the mushrooms in the bottom of a deep pan, then sprinkle on salt until all are in the pan. Let them remain three hours, by which time the sait has penetrated the mush-rooms; then mast there well with the

mands, and cover over. mushrooms allow an ounce and a haif of black peppercorns and half an ounce of whole alispice; close the jor tightly and set it in a pot of hot water and let it boil three hours without attering; then take out the far, pour the juice from the settlings through a hair sieve gethout pressing into a clean pan; let this juice simmer gently about three-quarters of an hour; skim well while cooking; then pour it through a cleth and add one twolespoonful of good brandy to each pint of catsup and let it stand as a solore; then buttle it in half pint vottles and closely cark it and seal. Keep it; a cool, dry place and it will keep for years.

THE EMERSON FAD ON THE STAGE.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith. E all know, if we can't help finding out, what the bestselling books of the year are. We know what particular

form of fiction we personally like best. But putting aside one individual preference for Hardy or Caine or Mrs. Wharton or Marie Corelli, who do you suppose is the chorus giris' favorite novelist?

I found out the other day, and, to tell the truth, I naven't

got over the effects yet. To begin with, he isn't a novelist at all, but a most profound philosopher. No, there's no use preparing you for the blow. I got it right in the middle of the eyes myseif.

He is Ralph Waldo Emerson. Yes, you're right. He is that prosy old fellow that wrote sometring about Love being our highest word and the synonym of God. Also a few other things that we absorbed dutifully in our extreme youth with Bacon's busays, Montaigne and the Opium-Easters.

A very observing young actress, just in from a four months' experience of the road, told me all about it.

"You know," she explained, "there was a girl in our company that had just joined the legitimate from the ranks of musical councily. We got to be so very chummy that she used to read me her husband's letters and tell me all about the disappointed levers, who, when she to'd them me was married, would turn perfectly white, stagger and fall against the wall. Well, that girl read Emerson all the time, and when she met girls from musical companies they talked Emerall the time, and when she met girls from musical companies they taked Emerson. I felt so much out of everything that I finally bought a copy myself. Some of the girls we met had read Emerson long ago-oh, yes-and were new earnest disciples of Meeterlinek. I met one little girl who made a hit at the Empire this year who was up to her eyes in Swedenborg. Then there was another who found relaxation in the pages of Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason.' Down in Galveston a chorus girl came into my dressing-room one evening and discovered me in the

"'Oh, she said, patronkingly, 'Emerson! Your're just reading him. Very pice! I read it years ago. What "piece" do you like best? I confided a decided preference for the essay on Self-Reliance. 'Oh, indeed, Now, I like the one on Over-Soul Circles the best.' And I suppose to this day, she goes on making the same delightful preak."

When I first heard this tale of the Emerson fad on the stage I could scarcely believe it. But inquiry tends to confirm it overwhelmingly. As far as I can make out this is the programme of the successful chorus girl:

First, the shinlest manioure attainable.

Second, the grinkliest Marcel wave.

Third, Emerson's Essays.

BEAUTY HINTS. By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

A Head Wash.



give you is an dailing oure for parasites if strictly followed. Get a cake of bichloride of meroury soap (the imported is the best), and cut into halves and shave one-half into fine bits. Dissolve it in

T ROUBLED ONE.

-The recipe 1

Blondes and Brunettes. E. H.-The characteristics of

blonde are fair hair, fair skin and blue eyes. The brunette has dark hair and eyes. The color of the hair

To Allay Inflammation.

D.-The inflamed appearance after a boil is much like red nose from other conditions. Saturate a bit of cotton with hydrosone and apply to the nose at night for a while and I think the color will



the Manhattan Theatre last good nature until a quack friend s night took an overdose of farcel reptituosty gave him a powder to c "Leah Kleschna" was called in to save vince him of the wonderful effect of the the patient after the first attack, drug. The doctor immediately began to brought on by Mrs. Edith Ellis Baker, dance about, make love to his wife and

and another heroic remedy will prob- show other signs of mental aberration ably be needed to counteract "Before Then he was called across the street to her a kiss, it appears, whe husband, the dialect-loving Ditrichstein, chased over, inters upon a punishment to suit the crime. He demanded the dootor's life or an introduction to his wife, with a return kiss hanging in the balance. What could the poor doctor do? Why, get another wife in name only, of course. That's easy in farce, particularly when it's "from the French."
So off to Saratoga goes the doctor with an able-bodied soubrette, who isn't

afraid of a little thing like a kise, and tentions'---Miss Georgie Lawren played the part with great courage

A survivor of the original "Black Crook," who proudly states that she has done everything from "The Holy City" to a "split"—this delectable role falling to Miss Kenyon Bishop—goes along as mother-in-law, and she, in time, discovers herself to be the longwife of James Jeffreys, who mar-her when he was too young to know better. As this individual, Mr. it necessary to proclaim that he spelled his name "ey" in order not to be mis-taken for the heavyweight champion puglist. If anything can make Mr. Wise's bulky shadow grow less this part ought to do the trick. He was funny just once, and that was when half whom he had successfully eluded for twenty-three years.

Miss Katherine Florence was a pretty

doses, compounded from the French by If the gentlements ushers had passed among us, as they my at the circus, we might have been able to take a more hilarious view of the case. But

there weren't enough powders to go round. The cast exhausted the supply, Mr. Fritz Williams was the first vic-

Bernhardt's Lady of the Camellias Spurns the Traditional Camellia.

By Nixola Greeley Smith, second act, when she quarrelled with No one could have told, except for

and After." a foolish powder in three

with the author's laughing powders,

Mr. Leo Ditrichstein.

audience that packed the Lyric Theatre from pit to gallery, that last night marked Sarah Bernhardt's second per- says, leaves her sobbing helplessly for

Armand over the means she selected to work out their financial salvation, she toyed nervously with a pink carnation. and finally plucked it to pieces. In the great third act, which, she

formance of her present engagement in New York. The applause, the curtain calls, the shouts of admiration from her enthusiastic countrymen that greeted her in her most famous role of the Lady of the Camellias were quite as great as on her first night.

We may have outgrown the younger Dumas's extremely conventional drama of the unconventions, but we never outgrow the splerifor of Bermhardt's Marguerite Genthier, or cease to be thruled when we hear in her golden voice the tangled tears of all the women who tangled tears of all the women who tormance of her present engagement in several minutes after she reaches her

tangled tears of all the women who have loved and sinned and suffered since the first Magdalen.

The Lady of the Camelias earned ner name ar wearing and receiving only that waxen bloom. Last night she had charged her mind, apparently, and there were roses and ilies and carnations all over Marguerite's apartnent. Still, Pernhardt showed by her deft use of them that even the ilies of the field might be made to toll for her. In the

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



which even grawnups are apt to feel and which renders each new one certain of an enthudressed in a fash. ionable manner and quite as smart and up-to-date as are the real folk, then she is doubly dear. Illustrated is costume that ir cludes all the fateat features of the season and which is charmingly attractive at the same time that it is simple and by no means difficult to make. As shown, the princess skirt and the little coat are of chiffon broadcloth with trimming of banding and waist of embroidered net, but almost any preferred mnterial can be used, so long as suitab?-Jacket and skirt to match are essentially emart, but are not obligatory, and it is quite possible have the little coat of such material as velvet, while the skirt is of wool.

tain fascination in a doll

The quantity of material required for the medium size (22 inches high) is, for out and skirt 1 3-4 yards 31, 1 1-4 yards 27 or 7-8 yard 44 inches wide; for the waist 5-8 yard 21, 1-2 yard 27 or 1-4 yard 44 inches wide, with 5 5-8 yards of band-

Pattern 5221 is cut in sizes for dolls of 18, 23 and 26 inches in height.

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